SULLIVAN'S "DAUGHTER" ASKS $2,000,000 SHARE

Young Vaudeville Actress Employs Lawyer and Will File Will Contest.

POSITIVE PROOF, IS CLAIM

Bowery Leader's Testament Makes No Mention of Either Wife or Child—All Is Left to His Kin.

Miss Ada Sullivan, who for many years passed for the daughter of Timothy D. Sullivan, shortly will file a suit for a share of Sullivan's estate, according to Erastus J. Parsons, of Dowsey & Parsons, attorneys, of No. 42 Cedar street.

Miss Sullivan was not mentioned in the will of Representative Sullivan, which was filed yesterday, although she lived with his wife or his relatives from the time she was two years old. She is now twenty years old and has been appearing on the stage.

"Unless Miss Sullivan receives a fair share of the estate we shall certainly bring suit," said Mr. Parsons yesterday before the will was made public.

"We think we have positive proof that she is the daughter of Timothy D. Sullivan. We have communicated with the dressmaker who made her clothes when she was a child, and this dressmaker said they were expensive and were always paid for by the nurse who had charge of the little girl. We know where this nurse is, and expect soon to have her evidence, clearing up all doubt as to the parentage of Ada Sullivan.

"When Ada was two years old her nurse went to this dressmaker and ordered her to hurry the completion of the garments she was then making for the child, as 'Ada had to go to a foundling institution.'

"Next day Ada was taken away from the foundling institution by the Sullivans. She lived with them until Mrs. Sullivan died last year. When Timothy D. Sullivan became ill and the committee of his person and estate was appointed all provision for Miss Sullivan ceased and she was forced to go to work to support herself. She has not been in New York in two weeks.

"If she is 'Big Tim's' daughter, and he recognized her as such, she is entitled to part of his estate."

William B. Ellison yesterday said Miss Sullivan was not related to Timothy D. Sullivan, nor legally adopted by him, according to the assertions of the family's living relatives.

"I assume," he said, "that any suit by Miss Sullivan for participation in the estate will be resisted by the executors and the heirs named in the will. I do not anticipate that any offer of money or property will be made to her, although her claims have not yet been discussed by the executors and their attorneys.

"The will was drawn by Henry Goldsmith, law partner of the late Timothy P. Sullivan, and has been in our possession since shortly after T. D. Sullivan's illness.

"The estate probably will net about $2,000,000, and goes to Patrick H. Sullivan, Lawrence Mulligan, Mrs. Margaret Hickey and the children of Mrs. Mary Ann Sommers.

"The Sullivan executors and the committee of his person and estate have never recognized Ada Sullivan's claims, and although proof of her adoption was invited by us nothing was forthcoming."

The will of Sullivan was filed in the Surrogate's office yesterday. The instrument was executed on October 6, 1907. The transfer tax petition filed with the will said that the value of the testator's real estate "is not now ascertainable" and that the value of the personal property "is not now ascertainable, but is probably more than $10,000."

Sullivan left his entire estate in equal shares to his brother, Patrick H. Sullivan; Lawrence Mulligan, half-brother; Mrs. Margaret Hickey, half-sister, and Mrs. Mary Ann Sommers, sister. He provided that in the case of the death of either of the legatees before his own death the share of such beneficiary should go to his or her issue.

Mrs. Sommers died before the testator, and her share of the estate will go in one-quarter shares to her children, Mrs. Olive Ryan, Miss Irene Sommers, Charles S. Sommers and Timothy Sommers. Mrs. Hickey, Patrick H. Sullivan and Lawence Mulligan each will receive one full quarter of the estate.

The executors are Patrick H. Sullivan and Lawrence Mulligan. The witnesses were the late Alderman Timothy P. Sullivan ("Little Tim"), a cousin of the testator, and Henry J. Goldsmith, who drew up the will. Sullivan made no bequest to his wife, Mrs. Helen Sullivan, who died after the instrument was executed. He explained that her dower rights in his real estate would be sufficient to provide for her.

A vigorous effort is being made by Police Commissioner Waldo, the Department of Public Charities and other city departments to find out why the body of "Big Tim" Sullivan was permitted to remain so long in the Fordham morgue without identification. Nothing developed yesterday to clear the mystery.

There was a strong sentiment among Sullivan's friends yesterday that he was not killed by a train, but was dead when run over by the New Haven train. What evidence there was to back this opinion no one would say, but it seemed to be "in the air" that there was something behind the whole affair.

GIRL TELLS OF HIGH LIFE

$2,500 Spent for Her Clothes by Clerk in Few Months.

Miss Effie McMinn testified yesterday that John C. Schildknecht, the $20 a week cashier of the Washburn-Crosby flour milling company, wanted by the police, had spent $2,500 for her clothes since last December. She added that she was also known as "Mrs. William J. Taylor," of No. 425 West 144th street, and posed as Schildknecht's wife last summer at the Garden City Hotel. When examined yesterday afternoon in the bankruptcy proceedings before Commissioner Gilchrist brought against Schildknecht, Miss McMinn said Schildknecht presented her with a pair of diamond earrings.

"And a pianola, too?" she was asked.

"Yes; one that cost $500."

"What were your expenses in the summer months?"

"One hundred and forty dollars a week."

She said that Schildknecht maintained two automobiles and employed a chauffeur.

"I saw him on August 29 for the last time at the Flatbush avenue subway station, Brooklyn, when he said an accident to a friend made it necessary for him to say goodby. I don't know where he is now, but he promised to telephone to me."

$75,000 A YEAR FOR DRESS

A Few Chicago Women Spend That—Factory Girl, $200.

Chicago, Sept. 16.—A few women in Chicago spend $75,000 a year in personal adornment, according to an estimate submitted at the semi-annual convention of the Chicago Dressmakers' Club to-day. The dressmakers say that the average factory girl spends $3.84 a week for clothing.

These figures were arrived at by averaging the estimates made by the various delegates. The table reads:

A few, $75,000.
One hundred social leaders, $50,000.
Ten thousand others, $5,000.
Well dressed clubwomen, $1,500.
The suffragist, $500.
The church worker, $300.
The social worker, $300.
The stenographer, $275.
The shopgirl, $250.
The factory girl, $20.

The president of the club said that many working girls lose money because they do not know how to make their own clothing.

HELD FOR WIFE'S DEATH.

Mrs. Mary Nelson, who was struck with a flatiron in her home, at No. 725 East 143d street, Saturday night, died in the Lebanon Hospital yesterday. Her husband, who had been arrested, charged with the assault, is now held on a charge of homicide to await the inquest.

JOLTS SUFFRAGE PUPILS

Mrs. Catt Tells Them That Men Are Cleverer.

HARD BLOW TO HEARERS

Would-Be Converters of 'Antis' Also Get Caustic Lesson in Oratory.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt delivered an awful blow to the pupils at her School for Suffrage Workers yesterday. She told them that men were cleverer than women.

"On the other hand," she said, "there are more idiots among men than among women. But undeniably, when a man is clever he is a little cleverer than a woman."

That was really rather trying for a class of women who had come to New York, some of them from a long way off, to learn to be clever enough to convince men that they ought to have the vote. And then Mrs. Catt followed it up by stating that the really great orators were men.

"In fact," she said, "while we have plenty of good women speakers in this country, we have only one who is an orator. You all know who she is."

And everybody exclaimed "Shaw!" under their breath.

Mrs. Catt's remarks, however, were as soothing as gruel after the scoldings administered by Mrs. Jennie Long, who gave the pupils their lesson in public speaking. Seven unhappy pupils were fixed on to show what they could do in five-minute suffrage speeches. Two had nervous prostration and dropped out, but at last a thin woman, who said she had never talked before except to her husband and the neighbors back in the village in Ohio where she lived, was led to the platform and murmured her little say.

"The trouble with your speech," remarked Mrs. Long crushingly, "is that you wrote a piece and got up there and said it to yourself. You won't convince many 'antis' that way!"

After various other aspirants for the suffrage soapbox had had their efforts dissected by Mrs. Long, Mrs. Catt got up and related stories of how famous orators had been afflicted with stage fright. This soothed the aspirants, even though Mrs. Catt did run down their sex's oratorical gifts.

In the afternoon the school, which met at the Equal Franchise Society's rooms, No. 8 East 37th street, went en masse to visit the headquarters of the National Woman Suffrage Association, at No. 505 Fifth avenue. Dr. Shaw and the office staff received them, and were charmed with the open-eyed interest with which the out-of-town visitors inspected their arrangements.

"Gracious!" said one local suffrage toiler, "after mingling with these New York it's refreshing to meet enthusiasm."

But some of the strangers aren't enthusiastic about work in their own states. "It's very discouraging in my home," signed Mrs. J. Otho Stevenson, who came all the way from St. Augustine, Fla., to attend Mrs. Catt's school. "It just seems as if I couldn't make any impression on those Florida folks. I sometimes think I won't try any more, and then I up and at it again. Suffragists can't say die!"

KILLED WHERE CHILD DIED

Proofreader Struck by Train—Suicide, Says Engineer.

Patrick Barron, for twenty years a proofreader for "The New York Herald," was killed shortly after midnight yesterday morning by a train half a mile beyond the Chauncey station of the Harlem Railroad. According to Sniffen, the engine driver, Barron deliberately committed suicide by leaping between the rails when the train was only fifty feet distant.

Sniffen stopped his engine within three hundred feet, and he and members of the crew ran back, picked up Barron and placed him in the baggage car and then made all speed to the Ardsley station. Here an ambulance from the Dobbs Ferry Hospital took him to that institution, where he died an hour after being struck.

Two years ago Barron's six-year-old daughter was killed at the same crossing, and the father had brooded over her death. He moved his family to Lowerre a year ago, but on Monday night he left his home, walked the nine miles to the Chauncey crossing and waited for the same train on which he had commuted for ten years.

MARRIED AFTER THE PLAY

Jersey Girl Weds Lawyer at "Church Around the Corner."

After a courtship of about two weeks Roland F. Weeks, former law partner of Assemblyman William F. Coffee, of Tarrytown, was married on August 29 to Miss Delores Louise Caceros, of Orange, N. J. The wedding was kept secret until yesterday. Miss Caceros, who is the daughter of Enrique de Caceros, spent the last two weeks of August as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Richard L. Lockwood, in Archer Place. Mr. Weeks met Miss Caceros there and it was a case of love at first sight.

The couple came to New York to attend the theatre, and after the play Mr. Weeks proposed that they get married. Miss Caceros consented, and they went to the Little Church Around the Corner.

INTER-MET'S EARNINGS OFF

Total 1913 Receipts Were $4,429,238, a Decrease of $1,224,592.

The annual financial statement of the Interborough-Metropolitan Company, which controls the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, for the year ended June 30, 1913, showed receipts of $4,429,238, of which $4,069,556 was from dividends on the operating company's stock. This compares with a total income last year of $5,653,830 and in 1911 of $3,376,445. After deducting $3,640,724 for disbursements, there was a surplus of $788,514, a decrease of $1,336,793. In 1911 the Interborough-Metropolitan reported a deficit of $192,801.

A resolution was passed at the annual meeting yesterday reducing the membership of the directors from 21 to 15. J. A. Ritchie was elected to the board.

Daily Bill of Fare.

THURSDAY.

BREAKFAST.—Pears, corned beef hash, rolls, coffee.

LUNCHEON.—Creamed rice, jelly omelet, buns, tea.

DINNER.—Round steak, with tomatoes en casserole, glazed potatoes, young carrots, stewed lettuce, orange jelly, coffee.

AT THEIR OWN SWEET WILL

That Is How Children Will Seem to Work in the New Montessori School—But Wisdom Will Guide Their Steps.

MRS. A. RENO MARGULIES.

Once upon a time an understanding person wrote a poem called "Kitty Don't"—the pathetic story of a little girl to whom her parents said "Kitty, don't!" so frequently that when people asked her what her name was she lisped in good faith:

"It's Kitty Don't."

The world is full of poor little Kitty Don'ts and Tommy Don'ts; but there is a certain pleasant house on Washington Heights where two women who have been studying the Montessori method in Rome are going to teach a group of children whose last name shall be "Do."

Not that they will be told to do things. That is not the Montessori way at all. But they will be surrounded by such interesting things to do—and will see the teachers doing them—that inevitably they will want to try their wee fingers at it, too. At least that has always been the experience in the Children's Houses in Rome.

Neither will the liberty accorded them to "do" mean license. On this point Mrs. A. Reno Margulies, director of the Children's House—the first real Montessori Children's House New York has ever had—was particularly keen when she talked to The Tribune reporter the other day.

"So many people imagine that Dr. Montessori's method means giving the child license to do whatever he likes, to give free reign to his desires," she said. "That isn't so at all. But see here!"

She looked about the room, which was furnished with twelve shining, white-painted tables, low enough for a child three years old or so to sit at comfortably, and twelve little white chairs. Along the sides of the room were low cupboards, filled with—toys? No; things more fascinating than toys, because a child can do stunts with them, and what stunts can one do with most toys, except to break them, and be told—

"Kitty, don't! Tommy, don't!"

From one of the cupboards Mrs. Margulies took down what is called the solid inset—a piece of polished board with holes of graduated sizes, and in each hole a plug.

"The child of two and a half or three years sees the teacher taking these plugs out and fitting them in, and always—I have never known it to fail—he says, 'Let me.' He does it clumsily at first, but he pegs away at it till he has learned to put each plug unerringly in its right place. And then how proud he is! He doesn't know that he has been developing his vision and his judgment. He only knows that he has been having a real absorbing time.

"And so with all the sense training materials that he finds around him, and which his inborn desire to touch and handle will lead him to use. When he goes to the cabinet and takes this box of cards wound with colored silk—cards in carefully graduated shades—he doesn't know that in playing with them he is developing his sense of color; but he is. Or if he knows it he doesn't know it as a task, but as a delightful game. So the Montessori method makes a game of learning arithmetic by means of numbered rods of various lengths and sanded numbers on cardboard. Learning to write and read, too, is a game. The child sees the sanded script letters, handles them curiously, traces them with his fingers, is told their sound by the teacher—and in many a case has gone to the blackboard of his own accord and traced the letters there.

"I remember Tito, a three-year-old Messina orphan in the Children's House in Rome," Mrs. Margulies went on. "He had the letter 'l'—pronounced 'e' in Italian—and the letter 'o.' He began saying them together. 'Io' is Italian for 'I.' Suddenly that dawned upon Tito. He thumped his tiny chest. 'Io,' he gurgled. 'Io.' He had made a discovery. This same little Tito became an accomplished waiter—for in the Children's Houses in Rome the little children serve the meals, handling the dishes with absolute surety. Tito saw the others setting the table, and begged to try. At first he could do nothing right; tears of discouragement ran down his cheeks; but he kept at it, and in three weeks he was serving his small fellow pupils at meals."

Mrs. Margulies first went to study the Montessori method in Rome in May, 1912. She had been a teacher of the deaf, and had tried something of the sort in a limited way with her pupils. Then she heard what Dr. Montessori was doing with normal children, and, feeling the possibilities so much greater with normal than with abnormal children, decided to take that up. Returning from Rome in May, she went back in August, and in January, 1913, helped Dr. Montessori in the organization of a training class for teachers. There were ninety students in this class, and sixty-five were Americans. One of them was Miss Georgina Jeannerett, who is now Mrs. Margulies's assistant.

"First I was going to have only one class—children from two and a half years to six," Mrs. Margulies said, "but I had to form another for children from six to eight. One of the Montessori beliefs is fresh air, and whenever the weather allows they will have their work in the yards behind the houses.

"This work turns children's 'naughtiness' into useful channels. I've had the parents of tiny children say to me: 'I don't know what to do with my little ones—they're so naughty.' Well, it was just a case of everything the children did being wrong.

"Children must do things—and through doing things they develop their own special bent—and develop efficiency, that quality so lacking in most grown-ups. I've been wishing," sighed Mrs. Margulies, "through the trials of having this house put in order for the school, which is to open October 1—I've been wishing my carpenter and plumber and painter had been put through the Montessori method. They needed it!"

Postal Card Departments

All recipes appearing in these columns have been tested.

Level measurements are used unless otherwise stated.

This department will be glad to answer any culinary questions submitted by readers and will buy recipes.

Address Culinary Editor, New-York Tribune, No. 154 Nassau street.

This department will not be responsible for manuscript which is not accompanied by stamps for return. Kindly inclose stamps with questions requiring an answer by letter. Write on only one side of the paper and see that name and address accompany each item.

GREEN TOMATO MINCEMEAT (by request)—Have ready four quarts of chopped green tomatoes, three pounds of brown sugar, half a nutmeg, a tablespoonful of allspice, a tablespoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of cinnamon, a teaspoonful of cloves, two lemons, a pound of currants and a pound of raisins.

The tomatoes and lemons should be chopped fine. Boil them together, with the sugar, salt and spices, until reduced to half their original quantity. No water is needed. Then add the currants and raisins and continue to cook for two or three hours. Seal hot in sterilized glass jars, as one would fruit.

When properly prepared this makes an excellent pie filling and one that is more wholesome than the ordinary mincemeat. It is very sweet and rich in flavor, however, and one usually prefers only a small slice of the pie at one meal.

STEWED LETTUCE (by request)—Stewed lettuce is not only an appetizing vegetable, but an economical one as well. It calls for the coarse outside leaves that have been left over after the young heart leaves have been used in salad. Needless to say, the leaves must be carefully looked over and all those that are not in perfect condition rejected. Wash the leaves well. Cover them with slightly salted boiling water and boil them for fifteen minutes, or until they are tender. Then lift them out of the water and chop them. Put a little butter and flour into a small saucepan and mix the two together until a smooth paste has been formed. Stir in a little water to make a sauce that will form a thin coating over the lettuce. Add a few drops of lemon juice to give it a delicate zest, and then stir it into the lettuce and cook one or two minutes before serving. Serve piping hot with a fat roast and a starchy vegetable.